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MAUMEE EXPRESS.

Volume I.

MAUMEE CITY, OHIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1837.

Number 19.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Pickwick papers.

AN UNFORTUNATE ADVENTURER.

Mr. Pickwick found

that his three companions had risen and

were waiting his arrival to commence

breakfast which was ready laid in tempt-

ing display. They sat down to the meal;

and broiled ham, eggs, tea, coffee, and

sundries, began to disappear with a rap-

idity which at once bore testimony to the

excellency of the fare, and the ap-

petites of its consumers.

'Now, about Manor Farm,' said Mr.

Pickwick. 'How shall we go?'

'We had better consult the waiter,

perhaps,' said Mr. Tupman; and the

waiter was summoned accordingly.

'Dingley Dell, gentlemen—fifteen

miles, gentlemen—cross road—post-

chaise, sir?'

'Postchaise won't hold more than

two,' said Mr. Pickwick.

'True, sir—beg your pardon, sir—

Very nice four wheel chaise, sir—seat

for two behind—one in front for the gen-

tleman that drives—oh! beg your pardon

—that'll only hold three.'

'What's to be done?' said Mr. Snod-

grass.

'Perhaps one of the gentlemen like to

ride, sir,' suggested the waiter, looking

towards Mr. Winkle; 'very good saddle

horses, sir—any of Mr. Wardle's men

coming to Rochester, bring 'em back

sir.'

'The very thing,' said Mr. Pickwick.

'Winkle, will you go on horseback?'

Now, Mr. Winkle did entertain con-

siderable misgivings in the very lowest

recesses of his own heart, relative to

his equestrian skill; but, as he would not

have them ever suspected on any ac-

count, he at once replied with great har-

dhood, 'Certainly. I should enjoy it of

all things.'

Mr. Winkle had rushed upon his fate;

there was no resource.

'Let them be at the door by eleven,'

said Mr. Pickwick.

'Very well, sir,' replied the waiter.

The waiter retired; the breakfast

concluded; and the travellers ascended

to their respective bed rooms, to prepare

a change of clothing, to take with them

on their approaching expedition.

Mr. Pickwick had made his prelimi-

nary arrangement, and was looking over

the coffee-room blinds at the passengers

in the street, when the waiter entered,

and announced that the chaise was

ready—an announcement which the ve-

hicle itself confirmed, by forthwith ap-

pearing before the coffee-room blinds

aforsaid.

It was a curious little green box on

four wheels, with a low place like a wine

bin for two behind, and an elevated

perch for one in front, drawn by an im-

mense brown horse, displaying great

symmetry of bone. An hostler stood

near it, holding by the bridle another im-

mense brown horse, apparently a near

relative of the animal in the chaise—

ready saddled for Mr. Winkle.

'Bless my soul!' said Mr. Pickwick,

as they stood upon the pavement while

the coats were being put in. 'Bless my

soul! who's to drive? I never thought

of that.'

'Oh! you, of course,' said Mr. Tup-

man.

'Of course,' said Mr. Snodgrass,

'I'll exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

'Not the slightest fear, sir,' interposed

the ostler. 'Warrant him quiet, sir;

a hinfant in arms might drive him.'

'He don't shy, does he?' inquired Mr.

Pickwick.

'Shy, sir? he wouldn't shy if he was

to meet a vagon load of monkeys, with

their tails burnt off.'

The last recommendation was indis-

putable. Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snod-

grass got into the bin; Mr. Pickwick

ascended to his perch, and deposited

his feet on a floor-clothed shelf, erected

beneath it, for that purpose.

'Now, shiny William,' said the ostler

to the deputy ostler, 'give the gel'm'n

the ribbons.' Shiny William—so called,

probably from his sleek hair and shiny

countenance—placed the reins in Mr.

Pickwick's left hand; and the upper os-

ter thrust a whip into his right.

'Woo,' cried Mr. Pickwick, as the

tall quadruped evinced a decided incli-

nation to back into the coffee-room win-

dow.

'Wo—o,' echoed Mr. Tupman and

Mr. Snodgrass, from the bin.

'All right,' inquired Mr. Pickwick,

with an inward presentiment that it was

all wrong.

'All right,' replied Mr. Winkle, faint-

ly: 'Let 'em go,' cried the ostler—'hold

him in, sir; and away went the chaise,

and the saddle horse, with Mr. Pick-

wick on the box of the one, and Mr.

Winkle on the back of the other, to the

delight and gratification of the whole inn

yard.

'What makes him go sideways?' said

Mr. Snodgrass in the bin, to Mr. Win-

kle in the saddle.

'I can't imagine,' replied Mr. Win-

kle. His horse was going up the street

in a very mysterious manner—side first,

with his head towards one side of the

way, and his tail towards the other.

Mr. Pickwick had no leisure to ob-

serve either this, or any other particu-

lar, the whole of his faculties being con-

centrated in the management of the an-

imal attached to the chaise, who display-

ed various peculiarities, highly interest-

ing to a by-stander, but by no means

equally amusing to any one seated be-

hind him. Besides constantly jerking

his head up, in a very unpleasant and

uncomfortable manner, and tugging at

the reins to an extent which rendered it

a matter of great difficulty for Mr. Pick-

wick to hold him, he had a singular

propensity for darting every now and

then to the side of the road, then stop-

ping short, and then rushing forward for

some minutes, at a speed which it was

wholly impossible to control.

'What can he mean by this?' said

Mr. Snodgrass, when the horse had ex-

ecuted this manœuvre for the twentieth

time.

'I don't know,' replied Mr. Tupman;

'it looks very like shying, don't it?'

Mr. Snodgrass was about to reply,

when he was interrupted by a shout

from Mr. Pickwick.

'Woo,' said the gentleman, 'I have

dropped my whip.'

'Winkle,' cried Mr. Snodgrass, as the

equestrian came trotting up on the tall

horse, with his hat over his ears; and

shaking all over, as if he would shake to

pieces, with the violence of the exer-

cise. Pick up that whip, there's a good

fellow.' Mr. Winkle pulled at the bridle

of the tall horse till he was black in

the face; and having at length succeed-

ed in stopping him, dismounted, handed

the whip to Mr. Pickwick, and grasping

the reins, prepared to remount.

Now whether the tall horse, in the

natural playfulness of his disposition,

was desirous of having a little innocent

recreation with Mr. Winkle, or whether

it occurred to him that he could perform

the journey as much to his satisfaction

without a rider as with one, are points

upon which, of course, we can arrive at

no definite and distinct conclusion. By

whatever motives the animal was act-

uated, certain it is that Mr. Winkle had

no sooner touched the reins, than he

slipped them over his head, and darted

backwards to their full length.

'Poor fellow said Mr. Winkle, sooth-

ingly—poor fellow—good old horse.'

The 'poor fellow was proof against flat-

tery: the more Mr. Winkle tried to get

nearer him, the more he sidled away;

and, notwithstanding all kinds of coax-

ing and wheedling, there were Mr. Win-

kle and the horse going round each other

for ten minutes at the end of which

time each was at precisely the same dis-

tance from each other as when they first

commenced—an unsatisfactory sort of

thing under any circumstances, but par-

ticularly so in a lonely road, where no

assistance can be procured.

'What am I to do?' shouted Mr. Win-

kle after the dodging had been prolonged

for a considerable time. 'What am I to

do? I can't get on him!'

'You had better lead him till we come

to a turnpike,' replied Mr. Pickwick

from the chaise.

'But he won't come,' roared Mr.

Winkle. 'Do come, and hold him.'

Mr. Pickwick was the very personation

of kindness and humanity: he threw

the reins on the horse's back, and having

descended from his seat, carefully drew

the chaise into the hedge, lest anything

should come along the road, and stepped

back to the assistance of his distressed

companion, leaving Mr. Tupman and

Mr. Snodgrass in the vehicle.

The horse no sooner beheld Mr. Pick-

wick advancing towards him, with the

round, and quietly trotted home to

Rochester, leaving Mr. Winkle and Mr.

Pickwick gazing on each other with

countenances of blank dismay. A rat-

tling noise at a little distance attracted

their attention.—They looked up.

'Bless my soul!' exclaimed the ag-

onized Mr. Pickwick, 'there's the other

horse running away!'

It was but too true. The animal was

startled by the noise, and the reins were

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